

nearly if not precisely the same orbits, and it is suspected that the meteors are companions of comets, yet the meteors are fragments of matter traveling around the sun in an orbit, being grouped more or less closely in a bunch on this orbit. And the cause of their appearance to us on the earth is that the orbit of the earth around the sun and the orbit of the meteors around the sun coincide at a certain point and when the body of meteors and the earth reach this point at the same time, which occurs about every thirty-three years, there occurs a shower of meteors. How the meteors came to exist in their present state is a question not yet settled. But that they are solid matter is shown by their discovery in some cases after their fall.

If the shower occurs this year it will be well worth any one's time to observe it and notice the grand effects of the Almighty's wonders.

Home Circle

We Can Not Know.

Why death and tears are ours,
We cannot know;
Why all this pain and woe,
We cannot know.
Down deep the heart is pierced,
Outward there's only grief,
Why all this sorrow now,
We cannot know.
Why darkness came by day,
We cannot know;
Why all our joys have fled,
We cannot know.
Jesus upon the cross
Suffered for you and me;
Why he should suffer so,
We cannot know.
Why God should hide his face,
We cannot know;
Why Christ should plead in vain,
We cannot know.
God's ways are not our ways,
His thoughts are not our thoughts,
Why he should say us "Nay,"
We cannot know.
Why Christ should sweat blood-drops,
We cannot know;
Why sorrow e'en to death,
We cannot know.
Heaven, the pilgrim's place
For all the ransomed race,
Is where at last we'll know
God's will was love.

—L. M. Zimmerman, in unknown exchange.

MIRIAM

MRS. GRACE RENCH

The old Testament is illustrated by many noted characters. He who loves biography can find here an unsurpassed field of vast riches. Miriam furnishes us with some good lessons, altho a very few passages of Scripture tell all we know about her. Her life as a whole would not be a very good example after which to pattern. The first account we have of her, she appears as a young girl at the bank of the Nile watching the little boat in which had been secreted from the edict of Pharaoh her little brother Moses. When the

daughter of Pharaoh came down to the river to wash herself, she saw the ark among the flags, and sent her maid to fetch it. It seemed that the sister, Miriam, had an ever watchful eye over her brother, for Pharaoh's daughter had no more than discovered him until Miriam was there asking leave to go and bring a nurse to care for the little child and how thoughtful of her to select the child's own mother. Moses may not be the only brother saved by a faithful sister. Thank God, there are Miriams living today watching and looking out for a brother's welfare. Oh, sister! old or young, it pays to watch over a brother; he may be wayward and seem to care but little for *you* or even his own dear mother, but God knows that down deep in his heart is a tender tie which, only a true, kind-hearted sister might cause to vibrate once more. Trust in God and he will give you strength to save. God often works by means of small children to bring whole hosts to Christ. By means of a little girl, Naaman, the Syrian, was healed of his leprosy and thru that healing the religion of the one God was established thru out Syria. The most beautiful Bible characters would never have been written but for faithfulness to duty. Oh! let us be awake and alive to our duty. We will be stronger and better and even happier if we live for some purpose in this world. After Moses had safely brought the children of Israel from the Red Sea, Miriam took a timbrel in her hand and all the women went out after her with timbrels and with dances and Miriam answered them, "Sing ye to the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously." In Numbers 12: 1, she is placed before Aaron, another brother, and in Micah 6: 4, reckoned as amongst The Three Deliverers. "Miriam the Prophetess" is her acknowledged title. She took the lead with Aaron in the complaint against Moses for his marriage with a Cushite woman, and what a stern rebuke was administered. The hateful Egyptian leprosy broke out over the whole person of the proud prophetess. This stroke and its removal which took place at Hazeroth form the last public event of Miriam's life. She died toward the close of the wanderings at Kadesh and was buried there.

Here we are taught a lesson of how God punished Miriam for interfering with the affairs of Moses. May we learn the lesson and profit by it. May we do that which God has given us to do and each one look after his own interests and escape the severe punishment which is sure to follow the interference in others affairs.

The wife in the Home.

Selected.

Few will deny, even in this age of that strange portent, "the new woman," that a wife's true sphere is home. If she has assumed the tender name of wife; if she has linked herself with the man of her choice, "for better, for worse; for richer, for poorer; in sickness and in health," home is henceforth her kingdom, her state, her world—where

she reigns by affection, by gentleness and by such gracious and tender ministries as a woman alone can exercise.

All household industries and economies live forever in the word "wife," which comes from web or woof; and there is the subtle suggestiveness of a great truth in the meaning of the word "husband," the bond or band of the house. In these two sweet and tender words the sanctity of marriage and its foremost duties are declared.

A Chinese proverb says: "A hundred men may make an encampment, but it takes a woman to make a home." It is she who builds and consecrated that most precious spot on this side of heaven, which we express in the sweet word *home*. Not walls or furniture or windows or curtains, but that nameless and ineffable charm which glorifies the lowliest hut, which fills with heaven's own radiance the humblest cottage, and without which the palace floored with marble and glowing with wealth and luxury is but a decorated prison. "The cares of your worship," says an American writer, "are there. The altar of your confidence is there; the end of your worldly faith is there; and, adorning it all and sending your blood in passionate flow, is the ecstasy of the conviction that there, at least, you are loved; that there you are understood; that there your errors will ever meet with gentlest forgiveness; that there your troubles will be smoothed away; that there you may unburden your soul, fearless of harsh, unsympathizing ears—and that there you may be entirely and joyfully *yourself*."

And what can be more sacred, what thought more sweet, to a true woman than to be the minstering angel of this sacred spot?

Recipe for a Happy Day.

Take a little dash of cold water,
A little leaven of prayer,
A little bit of sunshine gold
Dissolved in morning air.
Add to your meal some merriment,
Add thought for kith and kin;
And then as a prime ingredient,
A plenty of work throw in.
Flavor it all with essence of love
And a little dash of play;
Let a nice old book and a glance above
Complete the well-spent day.

—Good Health.

Sisters' Society C. E.

Treasurer's Report of the S. S. C. E. for the Month of September

THEOLOGICAL FUND

Reported,	\$ 29 28
Ashland, Ohio, S. S. C. E.,	3 00
Marcus, Iowa,	2 00
Corinth, Ind.,	1 00
Loree, " on pledge,	1 00
Delpha Carson,	1 00
Mrs. Etta Leslie,	1 00
Mrs. Laura Bauman,	1 00
Sarah Kennedy,	1 00
Sarah E. Wilson,	1 00
Irena Clayton,	1 00
Mary Grousinger,	1 00
Harvey A. Pottenger,	1 00